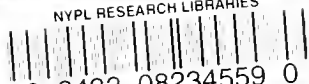


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HOUSE OF PLAY

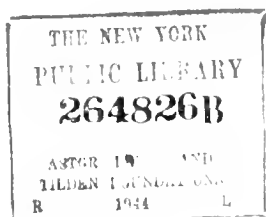
Verses - Rhymes - Stories
For Young Folks

Selected by
SARA TAWNEY LEFFERTS



Illustrations by
Florence England Nosworthy

NEW YORK
CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY



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BUTTERCUPS.

The buttercups with shining face
Smile upward as I pass.
They seem to lighten all the place
Like sunshine in the grass.

And though not glad nor gay was I
When first they came in view;
I find when I have passed them by,
That I am smiling, too.

—Sarah J. Day.



A DUTCH LULLABY.

Far over the water so blue and so deep,
The little Dutch babies are going to sleep;
Bright yellow tulips are nodding their heads
And fluffy young ducks are safe in their beds,
While slowly the windmills go whirling around—
Go whirling around—go whirling around.

Far over the water the sails are furled
And the stars peep out on a sleepy world;
The moo cows moo softly beneath the trees
And the white sheep drowse in the evening breeze,
While slowly the windmills go whirling around—
Go whirling around—go whirling around.

Far over the water comes down the night,
Fading and fading the silvery light,
While storks on their nests stand white and tall,
And over the tree-tops the shadows fall.
While slowly the windmills go whirling around—
Go whirling around—go whirling around.

—*Ella Broes van Heekeren.*



IF WE WORK UPON MARBLE.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust! but if we work upon our immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles—with the just fear of God and our fellowmen—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

—*Daniel Webster.*

FABLE.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I am not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back
Neither can you crack a nut!"

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by Thy might.
Great God, our King.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*



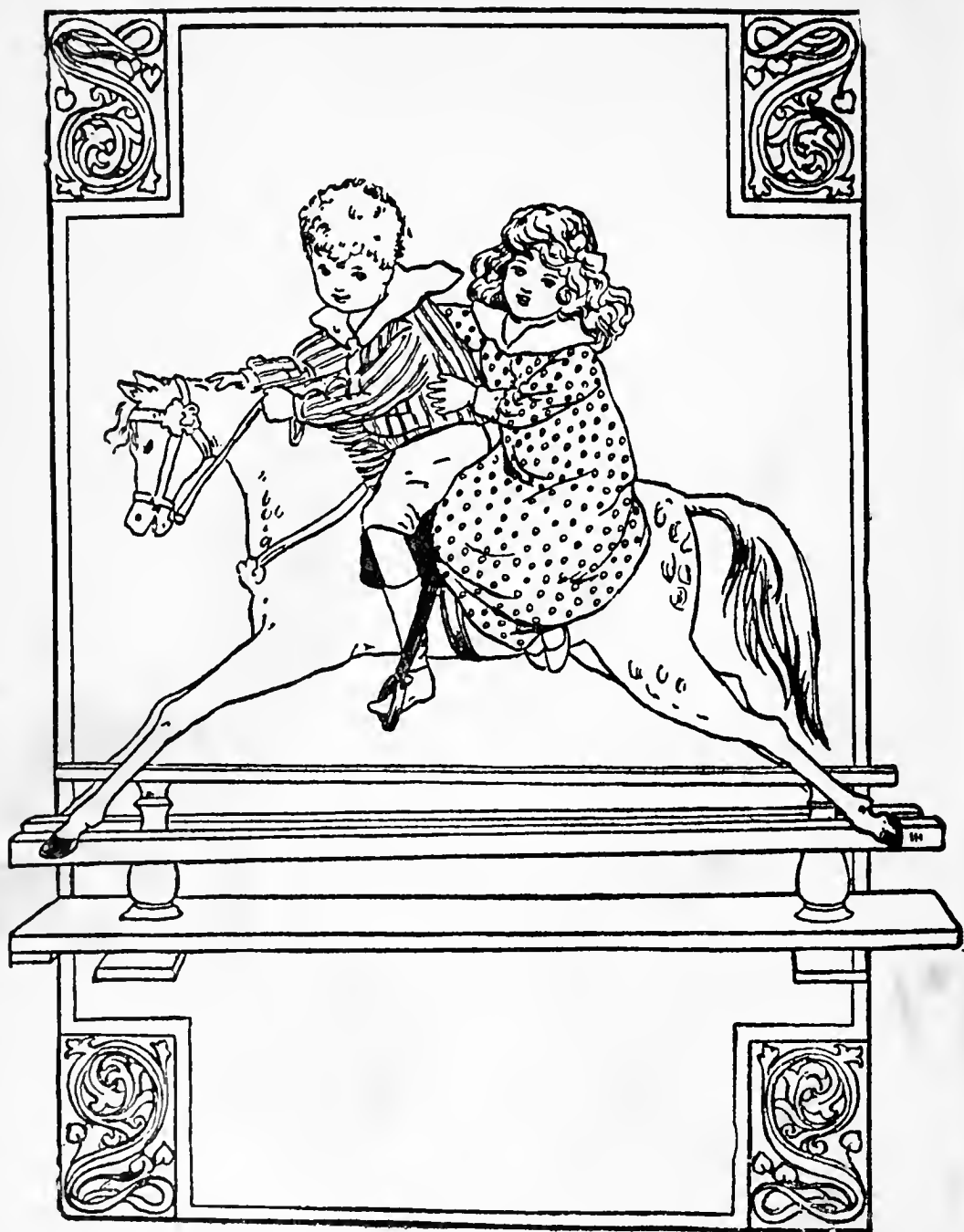
THE NATIONAL FLAG.

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land the flag is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments. It has been called "a floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have greater beauty than other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white in a field of blue proclaim



that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every state. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stars, stripes, and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country—to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

—*Charles Sumner.*



The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.



Who killed Cock Robin?

"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."



This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow,

Who saw him die?

"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye,
And I saw him die."



This is the little Fly,
Who saw Cock Robin die.



Who caught his blood?

"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish,
And I caught his blood."

This is the Fish
That held the dish.

Who made his shroud?

"I," said the Beetle,
"With my little needle,
And I made his shroud."



This is the Beetle,
With his thread and needle.



Who shall dig his grave?
"I," said the Owl,
"With my spade and show'l,
And I'll dig his grave."

This is the Owl,
With his spade and show'l

Who'll be the parson?
"I," said the Rook,
"With my little book,
And I'll be the parson."



This is the Rook,
Reading the book.



Who'll be the clerk?
"I," said the Lark,
"If it's not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk."

This is the Lark,
Saying "Amen" like a clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the Kite,
"If 'tis not in the night,
And I'll carry him to his
grave,"

This is the Kite,
About to take flight,





Who'll carry the link?
"I," said the Linnet,
"I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the link."

This is the Linnet,
And a link with fire in it,

Who'll be the chief mourner?
"I," said the Dove,
"I mourn for my love,
And I'll be chief mourner."



This is the Dove,
Who Cock Robin did love.

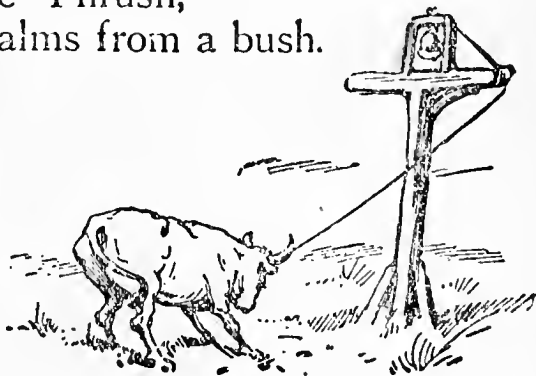


Who'll sing a psalm?
"I," said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
"And I'll sing a psalm."

This is the Thrush,
Singing psalms from a bush.

And Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull;"
And so, Cock Robin,
farewell.



LONDON BRIDGE.

How many a bridge in London-Town,
In by-gone years has fallen down!
And little children every day
Are building bridges the self-same way.
They may use wrought iron and steel and try
To make them strong, but by and by
You'll hear the wild alarming cry:

“London bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down!
London bridge is falling down,
My fair lady!”

—*Sara Tawney Lefferts.*

Truth is the highest thing that man can keep.

—*Geoffrey Chaucer.*

THE SWALLOW.

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is lone;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the Summer and bringing the sun.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

Never leave that till tomorrow which
you can do today.

—Benjamin Franklin.



THE PUSSY WILLOWS.

The Pussy Willows, far and near,
Give warning when the spring is here;
And every little child I know
Can tell where Pussy Willows grow.



While winter snows are whirling 'round
No Pussy Willows can be found;
But, dreaming in their beds, they hear
The first awakening of the year.

Then soon through frosty windows peep
The downy Pussies, roused from sleep.
"The spring is here!" they softly purr—
And out they pop to welcome her.

—Sara Tawney Lefferts.

THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE.

A Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town. Now the Town Mouse was asked by the Field Mouse to dine with him, and out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

"Do you know, my friend," said he, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why, I have all kinds of things at home; come and enjoy them."

So the two set off for town, and there the Town Mouse showed his beans and meal, his dates, too; his cheese and fruit and honey. And as the Field Mouse ate, drank, and was merry, he thought how rich his friend was and how poor he was.

But as they ate, a man all at once opened the door and the mice were in such fear that they ran into a crack.

Then when they would eat some nice figs, in came a maid to get a pot of honey or a bit of cheese; and when they saw her, they hid in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse would eat no more, but said to the Town Mouse: "Do as you like, my good friend; eat all you want, have your fill of good things, but you are always in fear of your life. As for me, poor Mouse, who have only corn and wheat, I will live on at home, in no fear of any one."





A DUTCH WINTER.

The windmills of Holland are silent and stilled,
Their whirling has ceased, for their long arms are chilled.
The ice-prisoned boats are hung with a lace
Of Flemish design of most delicate grace.
While the watchman calls out, with a voice like a bell.
The time by the tower, and adds, "All is well."

The tulips are hid 'neath a rug of soft white,
They're dreaming of spring, and the sun warm and bright,
The rollicking lads, with the lassies in wake,
Sweep by on their ice skates of old Friesian make,
While the watchman calls out, with a voice like a bell,
The time by the tower, and adds, "All is well."

In the land of the windmills, the stars one by one
Slowly people the heavens, for night has begun.
The rosy-cheeked babies, in nightcap and gown,
Are asleep in their cradles with curtains hung down,
While the watchman calls out with a voice like a bell,
The time by the tower, and adds, "All is well."

—*Ella Broes van Heekeren.*

He that complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

—*Samuel Bulter.*

IF I WERE A COBBLER.

If I were a cobbler, I would make it my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.
Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,

To have a first-rate play.

Hear the bells ring,

“Ting-a-ling-ding!”

Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,

Trot fast, my dapple-gray!

Spring over the ground,

Like a hunting hound!

For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,

And straight through the barn-yard gate.

We seem to go

Extremely slow—

It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—

Now grandmother’s cap I spy!

Hurrah for the fun!

Is the pudding done?

Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—*Lydia Maria Child.*

HALLUCINATIONS.

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practiced on a fife.
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of life!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo,
Upon the chimney piece.
He looked again, and found it was
His sister's husband's niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake,
That questioned him in Greek.
He looked again, and found it was
The midd'e of next week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk,
Descending from the 'bus.

He looked again, and found it was
A hippopotamus.

"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us."

—*Lewis Carroll.*

LET US HAVE FAITH.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that
faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.


—*Abraham Lincoln.*

LUCY'S BALLOON.

Little Donald was one day taken by his father to see the circus procession. His little sister Lucy was obliged to stay at home. While they were standing on the sidewalk, the father bought two balloons, saying, "One of these is for you, Donald, and the other we will take home to Lucy." On account of the dense crowd, the father was carrying the balloons, holding them high above his head, when suddenly one of them exploded. Donald looked at it in dismay for a moment. Then his little face brightened, and he said cheerfully, "It's too bad that *Lucy's* balloon is spoiled, but I will let her play with mine sometimes."

—*Kate Wilson Clark.*

London Bridge is Broken Down.



LONDON Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up again with iron and stee'
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady Lee:
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

See a Pin and Pick It Up.



SEE a pin and pick up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day!

Pussy-Cat, Wussy-Cat.

Pussy-cat, wussy-cat, with a white foot,
When is your wedding? for I'll come to't.
The beer's to brew, the bread's to bake,
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, don't be too late.

The Man in the Wilderness.

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea.
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.

Poor Dog Bright.

POOR Dog Bright
Ran off with all his might,
Because the cat was after him—
Poor Dog Bright!

Poor Cat Fright .
Ran off with all her might,
Because the dog was after her—
Poor Cat Fright!

Johnny Shall Have a New Bonnet.

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.



And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a leg for a shoe;
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
She will shortly be to christen:
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now, I wonder what would please her—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.

None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine.
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her.
I will leave papa to name her.

—*Charles Lamb.*

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

—*John Wesley.*

A LITTLE NEGLECT MAY BREED MISCHIEF.

A little neglect may breed mischief: For want of a nail
the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and
for want of a horse the rider was lost. —*Benjamin Franklin.*



RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign or respect to those present.

Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

—*George Washington.*

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, in company our tongues.

—*Hannah More.*



THE LOST DOLL.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dear,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on tne heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

—*Charles Kingsley.*



OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Old Santa Claus sat alone in his den,
With his leg crossed over his knee;
While a comical look peeped out of his eyes.
For a funny old fellow was he.

His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,
And his wig it was all awry;
But he sat and mused the whole day long,
While the hours went flying by.

He had been as busy as busy could be,
In filling his pack with toys;
He had gathered his nuts and baked his pies,
To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls, and whips for the boys,
With wheelbarrows, horses and drays,
And bureaus and trunks for Dolly's new clothes;
All these in his pack he displays.

Of candy, too, both twisted and striped,
He had furnished a plentiful store;
While raisins and figs, and prunes and grapes,
Hung up on a peg by the door.

‘I’m almost ready,” quoth he, quoth he,
“And Christmas is almost here;
But one thing more—I must write a book,
And give to each one this year.”

So he clapped his specks on his little round nose,
And seizing the stump of a pen,
He wrote more lines in one little hour
Than you ever could read in ten.

He told them stories all pretty and new,
And wrote them all out in rhyme;
Then packed them away with his box of toys
To distribute one at a time.

And Christmas Eve when all were in bed,
Right down the chimney he flew;
And stretching the stocking leg out at the top,
He clapped in a book for you.

—*Unknown.*



Such is the patriot’s boast where’er we roam.
His first, best country ever is at home.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*



A RIDDLE.

(A book.)

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new, and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters and oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound;
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white;
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light—
In form, too, I differ—I'm thick and I'm thin,

I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

—Hannah More.

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away,
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

--James Hogg.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But, little children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.


--Isaac Watts.



Bless You, Bless You.

BLESS you, bless you, burnie bee;
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

Ding Dong Bell.

ING dong bell, pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?—Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?—Big Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!

Leg Over Leg.

Leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover,
When he came to a stile, hop he went over.

A Little Cock-Sparrow.

A LITTLE cock-sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by, with his bow and arrow.
Says he, "I will shoot the little cock-sparrow.
His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too."
Says the little cock-sparrow, "I'll be shot if I stay,"
So he clapped his wings, and flew away.



MY SHIP AND I.

O it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret out
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I shall go,
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes blow
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the rushes and the
reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Solomon Grundy.



SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.



AA, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.



Bell-Horses, Bell-Horses



BELL-HORSES, bell-horses,
What time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock,
Off and away.

The Babes in the Wood.



Y dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away,
On a fine summer's day,
And left in the wood,
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed, and they sighed
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things,
They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The Robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song:

"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

As I Was Going o'er Westminster Bridge.

As I was going o'er Westminster Bridge,
I met with a Westminster scholar;
He pulled off his cap *an' drew* off his glove,
And wished me a very good morrow.
What is his name?

Margery Mutton-pie.

MARGERY MUTTON-PIE and Johnny Bo-peep,
They met together in Gracechurch-street;
In and out, in and out, over the way,
Oh! says Johnny, 'tis chop-nose day.

Simple Simon Met a Pie-man.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

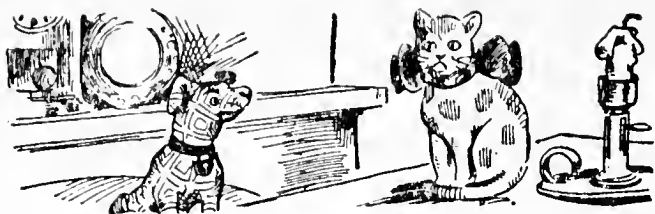
Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny;"
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;

All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.





THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Not one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat
*(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)*

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico;
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place,
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
*(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, Oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate!
I got my views from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is this: They ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

—*Eugene Field.*

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

—*Robert Burns*



THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree:

“Oh, what will come,” says the cricket, “of me?”

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive he would grant

Him a shelter from rain:
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow:

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I.

My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."

"You *sang*, sir, you say?

Go then," said the ant, "and *dance* winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good;
If you live without work, you must live without food.

—*Unknown.*



A GOOD LISTENER.

It is the Listener who is just now in far greater demand
than the Talker.

Let us all learn the Fine Art of Good Listening.

—*Kate Upson Clark.*

There Was a Crooked Man.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

Little Bo-Peep.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

LITTLE Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeing.

THEN up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed,
but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

Peter Piper.

PPETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?



EMPLOYMENT.

Who'll come and play with me here under the tree,

My sisters have left me alone;

My sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,

And play with me while they are gone.

O no, little lady, I can't come, indeed,

I've no time to idle away,

I've got all my dear little children to feed,

And my nest to new cover with hay.

Pretty Bee, do not buzz about over the flower,
But come here and play with me, do:
The sparrow won't come and stay with me an hour,
But stay, pretty Bee—will not you?

O no, little lady, for do not you see
Those must work who would prosper and thrive,
If I play, they would call me a sad idle bee—
And perhaps turn me out of the hive.

Stop! stop! little Ant—do not run off so fast,
Wait with me a little and play:
I hope I shall find a companion at last,
You are not so busy as they.

O no, little lady, I can't stay with you,
We're not made to play, but to labor:
I always have something or other to do,
If not for myself, for my neighbor.

Why then, have they all employment but me,
Who lie lounging here like a dunce?
O then, like the Ant, and the Sparrow, and Bee,
I'll go to my lesson at once.

—Jane Taylor.

Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can:



Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.



Three straws on a staff,
Would make a baby cry and laugh.

Great A, Little a.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

Jack Sprat.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat.
His wife could eat no lean;
Betwixt them both, they cleared the plate,
And licked the platter clear

As I Went to Bonner.

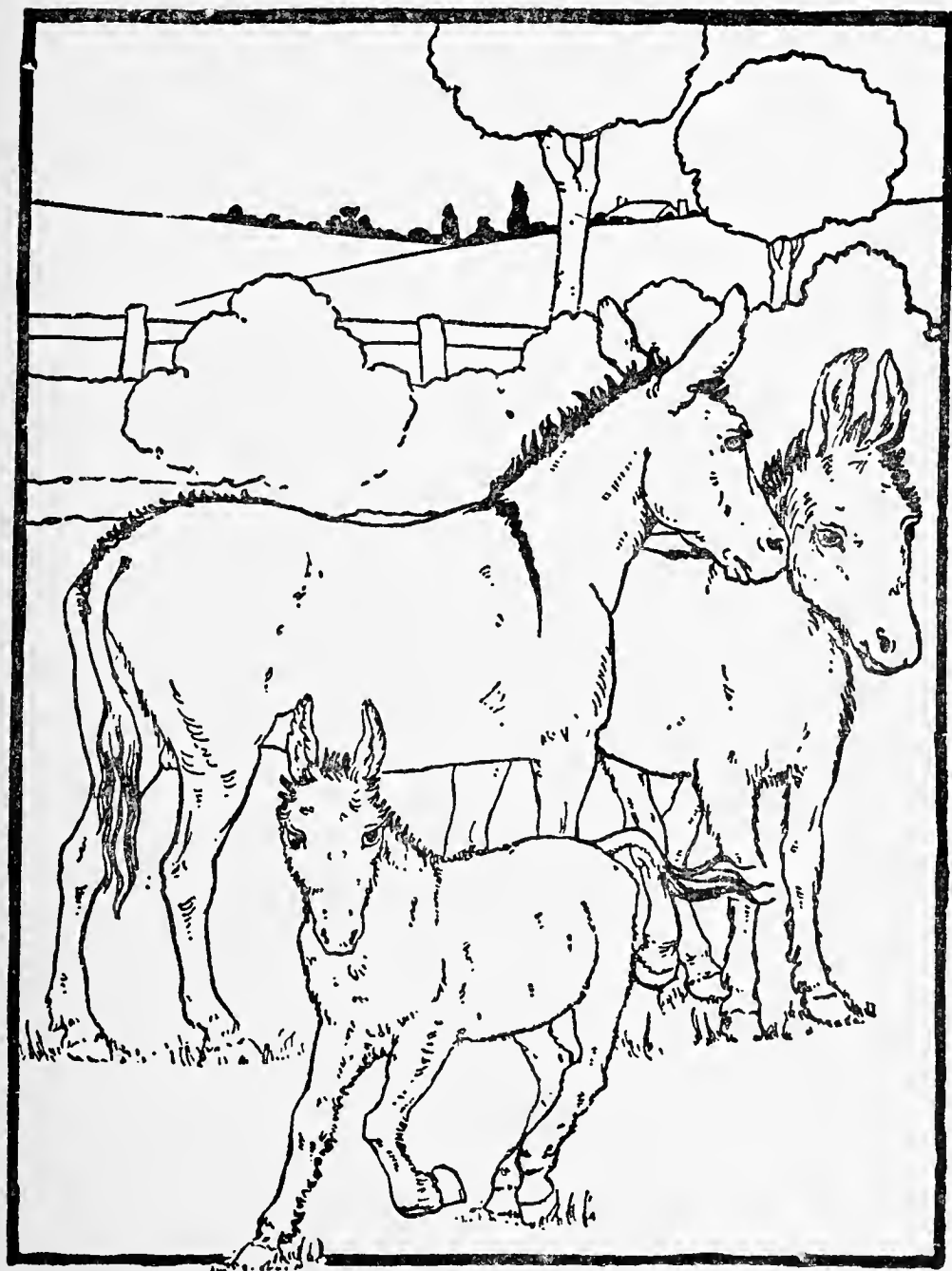
As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honour.

A Riddle, a Riddle.

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.
(*A cinder-sifter.*)

Is John Smith Within?

Is John Smith within?—
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?—
Ay, marry, two;
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.





A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

They say that God lives very high!

But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see him in the gold,
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace

Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid

On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said:

“Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?”

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SONG.

Flower in the crannied wall,

I pluck you out of the crannies;—

Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,

Little flower—but if I could understand

What you are, root and all, and all in all,

I should know what God and man is.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



Dare not be true. . . . Nothing can need a lie;

A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

—*George Herbert.*



LADY MOON.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?

"Over the sea."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?

"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never

Resting to sleep?

Why look so pale and so sad, as forever

Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:

You are too bold:

I must obey my dear Father above me,

And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?

"Over the sea."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?

"All that love me."

—Lord Houghton.



IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

Small service is true service while it lasts;

Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one;

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,

Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

—William Wordsworth

Mistress Mary.



ISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

Handy Spandy.

HANDY SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum cake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

About the Bush, iWilly.

ABOUT the bush, Willy,
About the bee-hive,
About the bush, Willy,
I'll meet thee alive.
Then to my ten shillings
Add you but a groat,
I'll go to Newcastle,
And buy a new coat.
Five and five shillings
Five and a crown;
Five and five shillings,
Will buy a new gown.
Five and five shillings,
Five and a groat;
Five and five shillings
Will buy a new coat.

Little Jack Horner.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

If I'd as Much Money.

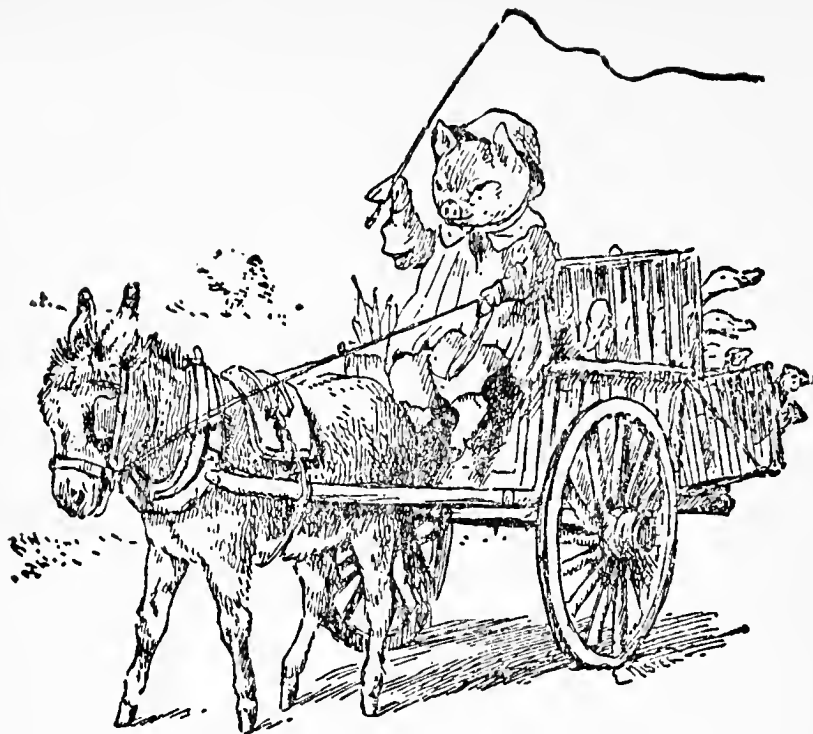
IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

IF I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

Pretty John Watts.

PRETTY John Watts,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice too, in plenty,
That feast in the pantry;
But let them stay
And nibble away
What harm in a little brown mouse?

This Pig Went to Market.



1. THIS pig went to market;
2. This pig stayed at home;
3. This pig had a bit of meat;
4. And this pig had none;
5. This pig said, "Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

The Rose is Red.

THE rose is red, the grass is green;
And in this book my name is seen.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home.
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

—*Isaac Watts.*

BE GOOD.

Little children, we must seek
Rather to be good than wise ;
For the thoughts we do not speak,
Shine out in our cheeks and eyes.

OLD RHYME.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so ;
Then blow it East or blow it West,
The wind that blows—that wind is **best**.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

An ancient Italian legend tells how Good St. Nicholas of Padua first gave presents on Christmas Eve by throwing purses in at the open windows of needy people. Purses in those days were knitted of yarn and tied with strings at the open ends. They were not unlike stockings, except that they had no feet. People began to hang these long empty purses of yarn on their window-sills on Christmas Eve, so that St. Nicholas, as he passed by, could put money into them. When money became scarce the long purses were filled with presents instead—useful things for the big people, and books and toys for the children.

In cold countries, where the windows could not be left open, folks hung their purses near the fireplace, believing that St. Nicholas would come down the chimney and leave his presents for them. And after the knitted purses went out of fashion they hung up their stockings, which closely resembled the old-time purses, so that there would be plenty of room for the Christmas presents, and old St. Nicholas (Santa Claus), who lived on through all the ages, would know he had been expected.

That is how the Christmas stocking came to be used, and why it will be used for many generations to come in thousands of homes on each succeeding Christmas Eve. * * *

—L. Fran^z Baur

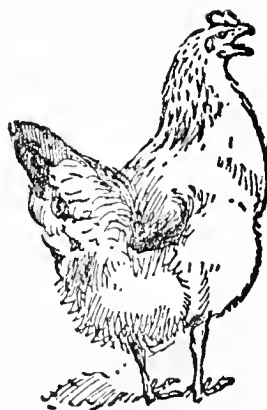
I'll Tell You a Story.

I'LL tell you a story
About Jack a Nory—
And now my story's begun,
I'll tell you another
About Jack, his brother,
And now my story's done.

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe.



NE, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen.
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.



THE EAGLE.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

The bee buzz'd up in the heat.
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear;
For now is the spring of the year.

So come, come!"

"Hum!"

And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold
When the flower was withered and old.

"Have you still any honey, my dear?"

She said, "It's the fall of the year,

But come, come!"

"Hum!"

And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*



THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea

In a beautiful pea-green boat;

They took some honey, and plenty of money

Wrapped in a five pound note.

The Owl looked up to the moon above,

And sang to a small guitar,

"O lovely pussy! O Pussy, my love,

What a beautiful Pussy you are,—

You are,

What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!

How wonderful sweet you sing!

O let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—

But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day

To the land where the Bong tree grows

And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood

With a ring at the end of his nose,—

His nose,

With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling
Your ring?” Said the piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

—*Edward Lear.*

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—*William Cowper.*

MAKING EXCUSES.

A young American who had broken an appointment with Dr. Franklin, came to him the following day prepared to make his peace with an apology. He was making a tiresome excuse when Dr. Franklin stopped him, saying, “My dear boy, say no more. You have, indeed, said too much already. For he who is good at making an excuse, is seldom good at anything else.”

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

EXTREMES.

I

A little boy once played so loud
That the Thunder, up in a thunder-cloud,
Said, "Since *I* can't be heard, why then,
I'll never, never thunder again!"

II.

And a little girl once kept so still
That she heard a fly on the window-sill
Whisper and say to a lady-bird,—
"She's the stillest child I ever heard!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

How pleasant it is at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent;
But reflect on the past and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent.
When I've done all my work with patience and care,
And been good and obliging and kind,
I lay on my pillow and sleep away care,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

But instead of all this, if it must be confessed,
That I careless and idle have been,
I lay down as usual and go to my rest,
But full discontented within.

Then, as I don't like all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it,
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good—without being contented.

—Jane and Ann Taylor.



BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Buttercups and daisies,
 Oh, the pretty flowers—
Coming ere the spring time,
 To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
 While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
 Spring up here and there.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
 Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
 Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on the sunny bank
 Buttercups are bright;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
 Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
 Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
 By their mother's door,
Purple with the north wind,
 Yet alert and bold;

Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold!

What to them is Winter!

What are stormy showers!

Buttercups and daisies

Are these human flowers!

He who gave them hardships

And a life of care,

Gave them likewise hardy strength

And patient hearts to bear.

—*Mary Howitt.*



A Farmer Went Trotting.



FARMER went trotting
Upon his grey mare,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him,
So rosy and fair,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

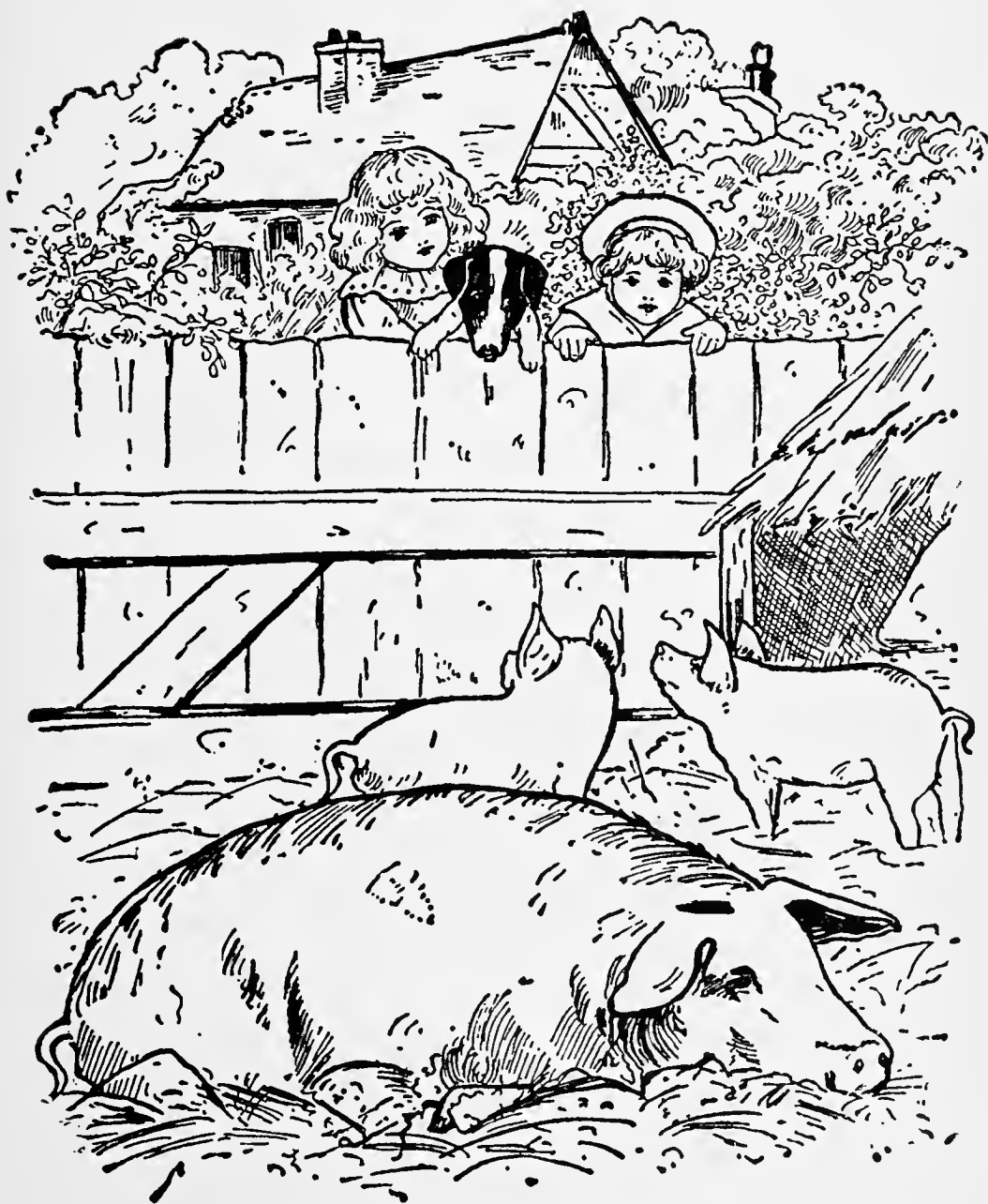
A raven cried "Croak!"
And they all tumbled down,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees,
And the farmer his crown,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven
Flew laughing away,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them
The same next day,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

Black We Are.

BLACK we are, but much admired;
Men seek for us till they are tired;
We tire the horse, but comfort man;
Tell me this riddle if you can.

(Coals.)



THE LITTLE ELF.

I met a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

—John Kendrick Bangs.



HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy, too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

—Isaac Watts.



The House that Jack Built



THIS is the house that Jack built.



This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

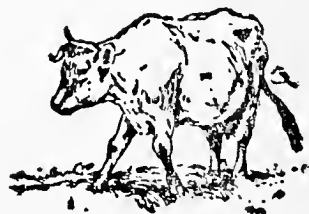


This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cow
with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



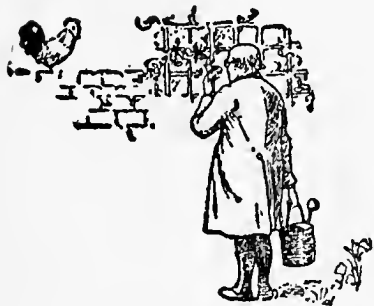
This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.





This is the man
all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the priest
all shaven and shorn,
That married the man
all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,

That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed
in the morn,

That waked the priest
all shaven and shorn,

That married the man
all tattered and torn,

That kissed the maiden all forlorn,

That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,

That killed the rat,

That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow

with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,

That killed the rat,

That ate the malt

That lay in the house

that Jack built.



THE LANGUAGE OF THE BIRDS.

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving all come back together.

"I love, and I love," almost all the birds say,
From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they!
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and forever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



REMEDY FOR EVIL.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it.
If there be none, never mind it.



SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out in the west,
 Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
 —*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



THE MICE, THE CAT AND THE BELL.

There was a sly cat in the house, and the mice were in such fear of her that they held a meeting to find some way to be safe from her.

“Do as I say,” cried one of the mice. “Hang a bell to the cat’s neck, to tell us when she is near.”

This bright plan made the mice jump for joy.

“Well,” said an old mouse, “we have a pretty plan. Now, who shall hang the bell to the cat’s neck?”

Not a mouse would do it.



MEDDLESOME MATTY.

One ugly trick has often spoiled
The sweetest and the best;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles, and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box, too, she spied

"Oh! what a pretty box is that;
I'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
 'Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But, then, she's far enough away,
 And no one else is near:
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
 To move the stubborn lid,
And presently a mighty jerk
 The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woeful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes and nose, and mouth beside,
 A dismal sight presented;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,
 Her folly she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease;
 She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
“Hey-day! and what’s the matter now?”
Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain,
From meddling any more.
And ’tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

—*Ann Taylor.*





TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through thy curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Guides the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

A nightingale that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,

A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark;
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
 "Did *you* admire my lamp," quoth *he*,
 "As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would *abhor* to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song;
 For 'twas the self same power Divine
 Taught *you* to sing and *me* to shine;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

—*William Cowper.*



If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

—*William Shakespeare.*

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